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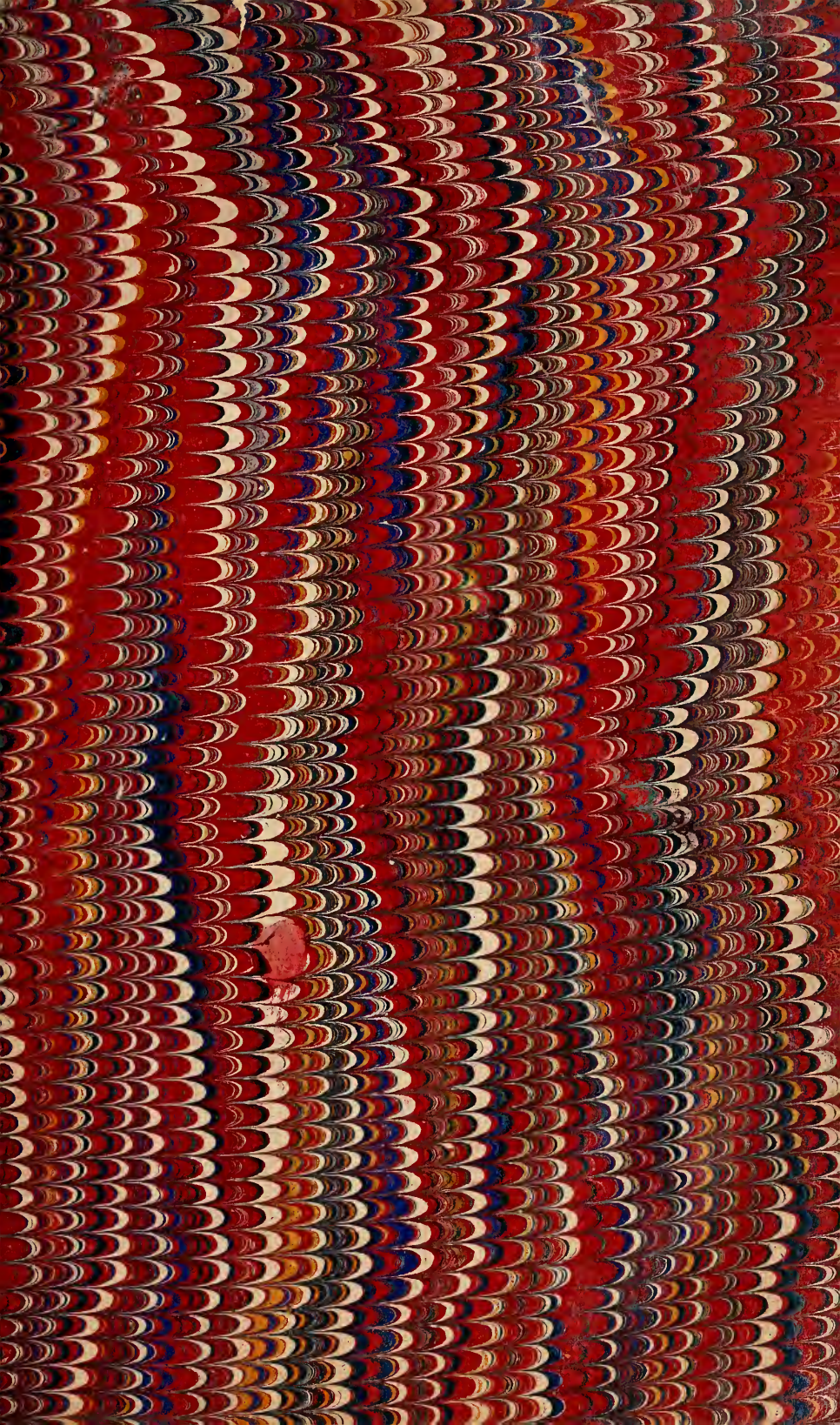


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



A

DISCOURSE,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

NINTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

DELIVERED AT ROXBURY, APRIL 16TH, 1841.

~~~~~  
**BY GEORGE PUTNAM,**  
MINISTER OF THE FIRST CHURCH IN ROXBURY.  
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BOSTON:
WILLIAM CROSBY AND CO.

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ROXBURY, APRIL 17, 1841.

REV'D. SIR,

We have been directed by the Committee of Arrangements in this town, for paying due honor to the memory of the illustrious William Henry Harrison, late President of the United States, to tender the most grateful acknowledgments for the very interesting, instructive and eminently moral character of the eloquent Eulogy, which you delivered, before a thronged and highly gratified auditory, on the day of the solemnities; and to request, that you would furnish a copy for publication.

With sentiments of the highest respect,

Your most Ob't. Servants,

H. A. S. DEARBORN,
B. F. COPELAND,
FRANKLIN WHITE.

REV'D. GEORGE PUTNAM.

ROXBURY, APRIL 19, 1841.

GENTLEMEN,

I am gratified by your assurance that the Eulogy delivered by me was acceptable to my fellow citizens. Your request that a copy be furnished for publication is respectfully complied with.

With sentiments of respect,

Your Ob't. Servant,

GEORGE PUTNAM.

MESSRS. H. A. S. DEARBORN,
B. F. COPELAND,
FRANKLIN WHITE.

DISCOURSE.

THERE is wisdom and great propriety in the observance of these funeral solemnities. The ceremonial should not have been omitted. "Death is entered into our palaces. A great man is fallen in our Israel." The bereaved family is a nation. There is mourning throughout the half of a continent. It is fit, therefore, that the proprieties of mourning observance, ordinarily limited to a single dwelling and a few kindred, should be transferred to the open temples and the great assemblies of the people, and be made co-extensive with the feelings which they indicate. The knell knolling from our church-towers, the minute guns booming from our hill-tops, the martial array, the dirge, the cypress, the sackcloth, the badges of grief, the emblems of mortality, the solemn pageantry of our funeral obsequies, and the voice of man seeking to give a human language and interpretation to all these silent monitors, — these are the befitting manifestation of

honor to the memory of a revered and trusted ruler; the suitable expression of a nation's sorrow; the token that God's dread providence is not addressing itself to careless minds or unmoved hearts; a pledge that the impression of the time shall not pass away unimproved and fruitless, but shall subserve the cause of patriotism and religion — the righteousness that exalteth a nation. So we do well to set up these memorials of the afflictive event. And I thank God that we have good assurance that all this is no seeming show, no unreal mockery of grief, — that the outward proceedings do not outrun the inward feeling. We would not have to do what should impair the integrity of the nation's heart. I am glad to believe that in these transactions it is not impaired, — that what is done is felt.

The decease of the President of the United States has produced a deep sensation far and wide throughout the length and breadth of the land. With the greater part of our citizens the tidings have awakened strong and heartfelt emotions of grief and disappointment; and all right-minded men must have been deeply impressed, and moved to serious reflections. With many, I am sure, it is no common sorrow. Millions do feel themselves to be truly bereaved by the death of this one man, and are

sincere mourners for him, mourning, not perhaps unto tears — yes, often unto tears even, — at least with the sadness and painful depression of a real affliction.

It is supposed to be the tendency of Republican Institutions to divest the relation between a people and their high rulers of all sentiment, to strip it of all sacredness except such as the force of human law may give it, and make it a mere business relation, a matter of political interest and worldly calculation. No doubt there is some truth in this idea. The people possessing the supreme power themselves in theory, themselves mixed up with and familiarly handling all the machinery by which power is conferred and taken away — a machinery which is often, and in many parts of it, low, vulgar, polluted and polluting, — it could hardly be expected that there should be much of high and disinterested sentiment entertained towards the ruler, who, as a ruler, is the result of such a process — a process in which there is and must be, more of policy and of passion than of heart and sentiment. No American citizen will deny that we gain in other respects a thousand times more than we lose in this way. And yet a loss of this sort may be real. Men pay their reverence to that which is above them, and which depends on

and proceeds from, a higher power than their own. We are not likely to have, in any high degree, feelings of veneration or elevated attachment towards an object of which we are ourselves the sole authors — the instrument which our own hands do make and unmake. The lowness of the process strips the result of something of its impressive sanctity. Probably we can have but an imperfect conception of the nature of that feeling towards high and trusted rulers, which has generally prevailed in other countries.

Some persons may remember the feeling manifested in England, on the death of the Princess Charlotte, in 1817. Judging from the nature of the case, and from the language of the press and the pulpit on that occasion, there was literally a nation in tears, afflicted to the heart's deep fountain of emotion. She was one whom from her position, and from the excellent and endearing qualities ascribed to her, Englishmen could not but regard and did regard, as feeling an interest for the welfare and happiness of them all, and their children — soon to be their sceptred ruler, a delegated ruler, the object of no party feeling, elevated by no party triumph, not created by their own hands, but designated, according to the constitution and the national senti-

ment, designated by Heaven, raised up by an all ruling Providence to her high station, and gifted with the endowments to fill it worthily and beneficently. So there was a reverence towards her, as it were toward the Lord's anointed,—reverence and strong affection,—and her death sent a deep feeling of awe and grief through the realm, and the heart of a great people was stricken with consternation and woe.

We justly rejoice in those institutions and circumstances, which in a great measure preclude such a feeling here, or materially modify it, honorable and elevated as it is. And yet there seems now to be more of it, or something approaching nearer to it, than one would have supposed could be awakened here.

There is after all a something more, an indefinable something more, than a formal tie and a legal relation between a faithful ruler and the people over whom he presides;—a something that is not expressed in the Constitution, but is written in the heart. We exclude the theory, but we cannot, if we would, quite suppress the fact, the soul's instinctive perception and feeling, that in some sense a divinity doth encircle a great and responsible station. We cannot, if we would, quite exclude the idea that

there is a Providence of God that mixes with the providence of man, in shaping the destinies of a nation.

There still remains, and as long as patriotism survives, and law and order prevail, there will remain some meaning for the heart at least, in the Apostle's declaration, that "the powers that be are ordained of God."

Take a person who has had, on the one hand, a calm and reasonable partiality and confidence towards the late chief magistrate, and on the other hand has had no expectation of obtaining personal advantage, political or pecuniary, through his agency, nor has been wedded to him by a feeling of mere partizan triumph, but has been free to regard him disinterestedly and dispassionately, simply as the competent and well-intentioned magistrate, the impersonation of law and order, the appointed guardian of the rights and interests of all, — I suppose that such a person, and tens of thousands of such persons, have had a feeling towards him somewhat akin to that ancient sentiment of *loyalty*, which in some centuries has been one of the most powerful sentiments in the breasts of mankind, and is not yet extinct in the old world, — nor even here, though greatly and most happily changed as to its direction

and influence. This unexpected blow has shown it to exist to a degree of which we were not aware before.

I know I have for one, and let me speak it, for I am sure it is but giving utterance to the thoughts of my fellow citizens, — I say I have for one a feeling of personal bereavement, and a personal sorrow ; a sense of a relation to him and a nearness to him of which I was not conscious before — the feeling as of a real tie broken, a near friend taken away, and a sort of protecting arm and guardian spirit, on which I had unconsciously leaned, withdrawn. The sentiment may not bear analysis, and yet I do feel, for the first time, as if that ruler, though he knew not of my individual existence, by virtue of his office were in some sort a father unto me and my children, and watched for me, and labored for me, and perhaps died for me and my country. I believe that great multitudes throughout the land, quite independently of party considerations or political measures, do share this sentiment, all undefined, it may be, and mixed up with other feelings, and they themselves unconscious of its nature, yet a real feeling, with its living root in the deep heart. Some may call it affected and foolish, but it is not that, — it is a worthy and a wholesome feeling ; and though it be sad to

oppressiveness, for one I would not smother it nor root it out if I could. I respect myself and my countrymen the more for its existence. I am willing for my own heart's sake to be a mourner. And for patriotism's sake I rejoice in the assurance that a real sorrow can and does pervade the nation, because death has removed its constituted head. We need not be jealous of the feeling. It will not endanger our liberties, and it may improve our hearts.

I hope I have not been understood to say that the American people feel veneration and attachment for their magistrates, merely because they fill high offices, or without regard to their conduct and character. Nothing could be further from the truth. We subject their pretensions to the most rigid scrutiny, and never knowingly pay the heart's tribute of loyal honor to any thing but high desert, a patriotic spirit, a wise and true-hearted man. The people may be misled and mistaken, but as a body they so far maintain their integrity, that they mean to elevate only the best, the true man, — to honor no other in life, to lament no other in death. It is because they believed the late President to be such a man that they raised him up, and gave him their confidence and affection while he lived, and give his memory the tribute of their sorrow, now that he

is dead. And I congratulate you, my countrymen, all, of every party and opinion — for the name and memory of the President is now the property, unto honor or dishonor, of the whole nation — I give you all joy that nothing has ever been brought to light, after the searching ordeal of a republican canvass, nothing to raise so much as a well founded suspicion, that our confidence, veneration and love, or our sorrow and tears, have been misplaced or unworthily bestowed.

It is not for such as I am, to undertake the critical delineation of his life and character. That service belongs to statesmen — to his cotemporaries — to the well furnished civil and military historian. Such will do it, and are already doing it. We will learn of them what we would know. But I should fail of my duty to the dead and the living, and leave the transactions of this day incomplete, if I did not give such a slight sketch as any intelligent citizen is competent to furnish.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the son of a Virginia patriot of the school of the Revolution and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born Feb. 9, 1773. He became President of the United States, March 4, 1841, and died on the 4th of April next ensuing. He received as good an

education as Virginia at that time afforded her youth. At nineteen he accepted a commission in the army, and repaired to the western frontier, at that time the scene of a remorseless Indian warfare. He was appointed to difficult and responsible tasks, and his conduct, in the camp and the battle-field, received the warmest applause of his commander. After about five years' service, peace being restored, he left the army and began his civil career. He was first made Secretary of the North Western Territory, and then a Delegate to Congress from the same. He was then for many years the Governor of the Indiana Territory, under the appointment of three successive Presidents. In 1816 he was elected a Representative in Congress from Ohio, and in 1824 a Senator in Congress from the same state. In 1828 he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia, from whence he was soon recalled, and from that time he remained in private life till his presidency. In these various stations I have not seen it dispassionately denied that he served with honor to himself, and usefulness to his country.

It was during the war with the British and Indians in the western country, from 1811 to 1814, that Gen. Harrison enacted the most conspicuous part

of his career, and acquired most distinction. I will give no details of his battles and victories. I disclaim all competency to discuss military merit. I only know that he was accounted brave, prudent, indefatigable, humane and successful, which I suppose are the attributes of a good soldier. I perceive him to have been a commander whom Presidents, and Vice Presidents, Congresses, Governors and State Legislatures, his compatriots in arms, and the people of his time, repeatedly, constantly, by resolutions, despatches, medals, and all private and public methods, loaded with testimonials of approbation, gratitude and honor. I rest content with such authority, because there is none higher to appeal to. Who is there to impeach a reputation so acquired and established? In those testimonials, we find abundant acknowledgments of the "gallantry," "intrepidity," and "brilliant achievements" of a brave General; and greatly to be honored is the man who could gain such laurels in a worthy cause,—the protection of women and children from savage ferocity, and the scattered population of an exposed frontier, from fire and sword, captivity and annihilation. But I will pass by these expressions that indicate his military standing. They are the common tribute to the military deservings of every great commander.

They interest me less than some other qualities of which I find indications. As I cast my eye over those old documents that give us the events and feelings of the time, my attention is arrested by different words, which I love to see applied to one whom we have since delighted to honor. I see, all along in various letters and military papers, the word "beloved," applied to him again and again. Now he is called, in a business letter, "this *beloved* man, uniting in himself the entire confidence of the western people."—Again, "the excellent, the universally *beloved* Harrison,"—and again, the "*beloved* Harrison,"—and yet again, the "*beloved* chieftain Harrison,"—"the Washington of the West," as they were fond of calling him in those days. These expressions interest me more than those which bear witness to his abilities or his valor, though I would not have them separated. The qualities that win confidence and affection are the truest gems in a great man's crown of honor, imparting more lustre to his intellect than they receive from it.

After making allowance for exaggerated statements on either side, and judging from the best information we have, I think it is not to be doubted, that the late President added to large experience and respectable attainments, substantial abilities, that

fitted him to fill worthily any station that required wisdom and energy, sagacity and firmness, however high, and qualified him independently of official consequence, to take his place in counsel or action, among great men, as an equal among equals. But on this point I will make no argument and bring no testimony; for a funeral discourse it would be unsuitable, and for history it is unnecessary. Besides it is not his highest praise, nor his truest eulogy. We know well enough that he had from early youth discharged high and responsible trusts with ability and success. But let that pass. I deem it a far greater thing that he discharged them all from first to last with unsullied purity and an unbending rectitude, stained nor warped, never,—there is not a living voice or a written record to charge it,—never for a moment, by the cursed thirst of gold or self-aggrandizement. He discharged public duties ably and faithfully,—but what is greater than that and the guarantee of that, he was a high-principled and exemplary man, a Christian man, in all the relations of life. He could raise himself to posts of dignity and power, and the highest places in his country's notice and esteem; and what is more and greater, he could preserve there a downright simplicity, and the plainest tastes and manners. He

could lead armies and govern men ; and greater and rarer than that, O ! how much greater and rarer, he could govern himself, and rule his own spirit in the fear of God. We are assured that he was brave and dauntless ;—I am more glad to know that besides this, he was mild and gentle, and disinterested and tender-hearted. We infer from many passages of his life, and by the testimony of many who knew him, that he was distinguished for a warm-hearted affectionateness and a self-forgetting generosity. The very infirmities that have been attributed to him, are such as usually mark a frank and kindly nature, and are incompatible with the cold and dark designs of selfishness. One of the last acts of his life, a letter written in behalf of an humble friend in distress, shows how beautifully, how touchingly, as indeed the tenor of his life shows — that his sympathy for his fellow citizens, his fellow creatures, for his brother man, did outrun, preclude, and annihilate all pride of place, all love of ease or etiquette or money or power. A good heart, thank God, is sometimes stronger than them all. I think we know enough of the man to understand how that epithet, the *beloved*, came to be so frequently applied to his name in former years, and why it still cleaves

to him, outshining his fame, and outliving the collisions of party and the grandeur of office.

From contemplating these traits of a great and good man, I return with a pang to the thought that he is gone, and that these are his funeral honors. And yet, why should it be with a pang? There is a fit and beautiful, though tender and sad association, between goodness and death, patriotism and death, love and death. No death is so melancholy as an unregretted, unwept one. We would not that his life had been less valued and dear, that his death might be less lamented. We will bear it with submission, that the career of the Magistrate should have been cut short, and left undistinguished by public measures, in order that the character of the Man may be his chief, as it is ever the highest and most precious, legacy and lesson to his country. We will bear it, almost willingly, that the fruits of his policy, whatever they may have been, should be denied us, lest, however beneficent, they should have withdrawn our regards from the higher attributes of his greatness, and left, at last, a more earthly, less hallowed memorial of his patriotism and his virtues in the breasts of his people. And seeing it hath pleased the Infinite wisdom to remove him, we will rejoice that his character and memory seem as truly

in harmony with the kingdom of heaven as with the high places of earth. Seeing that the robes of office must fall off so soon, and the shroud be put on, we will bless God for the assurance that they covered a Christian heart, humble and devout, trusting in the Redeemer, at peace and ready to depart. I rejoice with you, my Christian fellow citizens, that Religion, who, whatever had been the man, must lift up her voice on such an occasion, is not put in constraint; that the necessity which is laid upon her, is now perfect freedom to her; that she is not obliged to put on a mask, or disguise her genuine tones, and pronounce a heathenish panegyric of what has been great or dazzling in a career of earthly ambition and power; that she may pass by the trappings of this world's honor, and as befits her office, follow the private walk, and enter into the closet, and sit down by the death bed of the great man, and find her own spirit and superscription there; that she may bend over his grave, and in the heavenward vision of her own bright faith, follow his released spirit to the unseen world, and without jarring or discrepancy, speak of the promises of God to the righteous, and the good man's gain in dying. A beautiful and happy thing it is, that Religion herself can pronounce the eulogy of our highest man, a nation's choice,

and yet be true to herself, her mission of humility and holiness, her message of immortality and salvation.

He is gone full of years and of honors, — with a prepared spirit, and a Christian's humble hope, he has ceased from his labors, and gone to his rest. Peace be to him. Our benedictions follow him. The place where his ashes repose shall be hallowed ground to a mourning nation. His name shall always be spoken with respect. Our affectionate remembrance of him shall live while we live. We will speak of him to our children, and they shall tell their children in distant years to come, how we, their fathers, loved and lamented the GOOD PRESIDENT —

“Ours and our country's friend.”

He is gone — and there is nothing left for a bereaved nation, but to yield up the hopes that had centred in him, to bow down in submission beneath the chastening hand of Almighty God, to pay its due tribute of honor to the memory of departed worth and greatness, and lay the awful admonition wisely and humbly to heart.

The melancholy event we are contemplating presents a striking lesson of the mutability of human affairs, and dull and insensible must that heart be,

that is not opened to the impression. A few short weeks ago, a private man, called forth by the loud acclaim, and uplifted as on the outspread hands, of a mighty people, was borne along in triumphal procession through the streets of the Capital, to be invested with the highest dignities that are in the gift of mankind. He is the centre of a pageant, not perhaps the most dazzling in outward show, but more sublime in the inner idea and meaning than all the empires of the elder world can exhibit, — the object of eager gaze to gathered thousands there, and of intense interest to scattered millions elsewhere. The pealing shout of multitudes rends the air, as he seals his high commission with the reverent oath; and he is borne, amid acclamations, to a palace home, and stands there, the chiefest, foremost man of a broad continent — the equal of kings — high as the highest on earth. A few days pass by, and the mortal body of that same man is borne along the same track, in the sad and silent pomp of funeral woe, and laid away alone, in the dark tomb, to moulder back to kindred dust and ashes.

One month ago, and the Executive mansion was alive with rejoicings, hospitalities, and congratulations — crowds thronging thither to gratify curiosity or signify their respect, to offer service and seek

employment or honor at the fountain of a nation's patronage — officers of State, to give their counsel and receive commands — ambassadors in robes of office, to tender the felicitations of their royal masters, and renew the pledges of amity and peace between sovereign powers — public and private men from the north and the south — the wise, the ambitious, the high and the low — the gay, curious, and pleasure seeking, are coming and going, crowding the lighted halls, in honor of him who presides there. But what a change comes over the scene — as striking as it is awful and sad ! The doors are closed up, the windows are darkened, there is the silent tread of nurses and physicians, the hard breathing of a sick man, anxious consultations, the agonized solicitude of loving kindred, looks of apprehension all around, messengers going forth hour by hour, with tidings to startle and appal more and more a nation's ear — there is the low voice of prayer and Christian consolation over a dying bed and a mortal man in the last extremity — and then the last effort of sinking nature, to utter a patriot's dying aspiration — and then stillness, the awful stillness of death. The chief pillar of the state is fallen down — a nation's head lies low in its last rest — and there is no sound there but the cries of women, and the sobbings of chil-

dren for a fond and beloved father, and the low tones of the last mournful preparation. And yet, it is a palace and the seat of an empire, that is so changed. O, what a shadow and a mockery is all human greatness! How feeble the strength, how deceitful the hope of man, how empty and vain the grandeur and prerogatives of earthly power! How do they all fade away beneath the hand of Him “who bringeth the princes to nothing; who maketh the judges of the earth as vanity; who says they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth; and he shall blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.”

We will hope and pray that God’s blessing may attend this chastening of his hand, and good influences upon the country’s welfare follow in the footsteps of this afflictive visitation. May he whose duty it has become to assume the reins of government, and all those who shall succeed to that high office hereafter, and occupy that dwelling which is now the house of mourning and of death — when they enter there clothed with their great trust, may they pause upon the threshold, and in lowliness of mind take in the solemnity that henceforth fills the place; may they remember that the foot-prints of

the King of Terrors are there, even there, and that palace doors are no bar to that dread message which awaits the high and the low alike. So may they rule in the fear of God, who is King of kings and higher than the highest, — and putting away all unhallowed ambition, and all unrighteous judgment, be faithful to their stewardship, as unto God their judge. May the national councils, soon to be assembled, be impressed by the solemn admonition, and like Christian men, in the fear of God and the love of their country, put away rancor and malice, and selfish ends, and party strifes, and through wisdom and righteousness, forbearance and conciliation, address themselves, with however diverse opinions, yet as with one patriot mind to the wants and interests of a confiding country.

And may the whole nation lay to heart this dread dispensation of God. What a rebuke does it speak to us, of our reliance on human things. It seems but yesterday, that the hot strife for ascendancy was raging. The majority, on their part, were contending, as they were opposed — contending with all the forces of reason and argument, of wit and ridicule, of truth and deception, of song and shout and pageantry, appealing to the highest interests and to the

lowest motives — alike contending, like their adversaries, with burning zeal and untiring activity, doing every thing, sacrificing every thing, to achieve what they deemed their country's deliverance and prosperity; and then when they had prevailed, and had placed the helm in the hands they trusted, and had secured the end they aimed at, and just paused to contemplate the result, — then, just then, death stalks upon the scene and demonstrates the futility and comparative littleness of it all. So, sooner or later, it always is. We raise up our bulwarks of power and prosperity, adorn them, fortify them, establish them on the firmest rocks of earth, we begin to glory in them, and then the hand of the Destroyer is stretched out, and sets the stamp of vanity on all we have done, and the proudest work of our hands crumbles away and is gone.

May we not hope that for a time at least, this impressive lesson will tend to abate the violence of party, and by mutual consent of those opposed to each other, produce by its affecting monitions, more candor, moderation, and harmony in the selection of rulers, and the conflict of opinions, and the administration of public affairs? It should be so. God's Providence seems to be instructing every

man that for righteousness' sake it should be so. For the sake of peace and religion and patriotism and brotherly love, it should be so. From beneath that coffin-lid, that has just closed forever upon the form of our venerable chief magistrate, there comes a voice declaring, with the solemnities of death and eternity, that it should be so. It were better so, when we all shall have followed him to that dread and mysterious bourne, and left to our children the memory of our example and the fruit of our doings.

Seldom if ever, I believe, has there been a great ruler, here or elsewhere, who has more clearly perceived and in his own course more constantly exemplified the truth, that the moral law is the first lesson of wise statesmanship, and the only sufficient basis of a nation's permanence and welfare, than our late lamented chief. Deny to him the possession of shining talents, if you will. I only care to know that to a good understanding and a warm heart, he added that principle of rectitude, which is talent and more than talent, safer than genius, shrewder than cunning, the truest sagacity, the soundest judgment, the most clear sighted and unerring policy, whether in a private or a public station. Here, as I suppose, lay the chief merits of the President, — that he did

fear God and keep His law, both in his own life and his country's service. It is for this cause I speak his Eulogy, and but for this I would have been dumb, though the stones had cried out upon my recreancy. Rather cut out my tongue, than require it to lavish praises on any man that does not recognise God's moral law, both in his creed and his life, and rule others and himself by its behests. None but a virtuous and high-principled man can serve his country to any lasting good purpose. There are those who think, or seem to think, that they may set at nought, not only the rules of personal virtue, but the principles of truth and justice, kindness and charity, to accomplish a political end which they deem for their country's good. Away with such patriots that belie the noble name of patriot. They can do no good to the Republic. They would put up a paltry scaffolding around the national temple, which does but weaken the hold and rot out the heart of the great upholding beam of principle within it. We talk of public evils from time to time, and doubtless they are real enough, and we would apply remedies, and we do well; but we should know, that slight and temporary and hardly worth the pains are all healing, all expedients and specifics,

unless at the same time the basis of the moral law is widening and strengthening underneath. As well take bulrushes to stop the ocean tide, as well quench the sun that our taper may look bright, as for a ruler or a people to think of advancing a true and abiding welfare, except in connexion with a growing elevation of moral sentiment, and a growing obedience to the Almighty's law.

There must be excited action on public affairs, we know, but it does become every good citizen, every Christian magistrate and man, to take care that the ever returning din do not stifle and drown the voice of the moral law of truth and love, which is a still small voice indeed, but yet is mightier to pronounce the fiat of our destiny than the loudest shouts of triumph, or the rejoicings of universal prosperity. It is necessary that we should take thought for our public interests, and labor at them, with activity and zeal: but it is not necessary, it is not fit, that they should enslave our hearts and inflame our passions and undermine our principles, and put out of view the irreversible laws of Jehovah. Patriotism and religion, heaven and earth forbid it. This is the admonition that comes to us from the calm and virtuous career, the moral wisdom, the religious con-

science, and the large and loving heart of Harrison. It is the lesson taught by his noble life. It is hallowed by his saintly death. Be it embalmed in his memory, and perpetuated to us and to coming generations.





MR. PUTNAM'S EULOGY

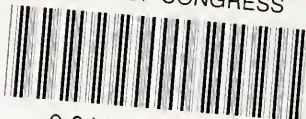
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